

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Messrs. Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

No. 16.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

## OUR REVIEWS.

OUR labours in this department of the *Musical World* having materially increased, we have entered into an engagement with Mr. G. A. Macfarren to review some important and interesting works that have been forwarded to the office. Mr. Macfarren commences in the present number with a *critique* of 'Mr. Charles Horsley's *David*. His articles will always be distinguished by the initials, G. A. M.

## SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

OUR cotemporaries, *d'outre manche*, are in ecstasies with a new singer who has but now appeared at the *Theatre des Italiens*, as Dona Sol, in Verdi's *Ernani*. The new singer, whom the Parisians have assumed unto themselves the honour of christening, was half-baptised in London three years ago. Who could have forgotten the beautiful Cruvelli, with her flashing eyes and ringing voice? Who did not regret to miss her name from the prospectus of 1849? Cruvelli's misfortune was to form one of Mr. Lumley's company during the Jenny Lind *furor*. The light of all the "stella minora" was extinguished by the solitary effulgence of that shining moon of song. The public were beside themselves, and Mr. Lumley forgot he was the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, remembering only his engagement with the "Nightingale," and its golden harvest. This was unlucky for Cruvelli, who might *beau* have sung like Malibran, and acted like Rachel; none would have listened to her, none would have done her justice; and though everybody exclaimed, "Qu'elle est belle, la Cruvelli!—comme elle chante bien, comme elle joue bien la Sophie!"—everybody took his box, or his stall, his *place numérotée*, or his chance of losing his watch, his coat-tails, or his elbows (there being no "elbow-room") on the Lind nights, sauntering leisurely into the house, with free admissions, on the others. The result was natural. Hearing that Jenny Lind was coming again, in 1849, Cruvelli declined to come in 1849; and went roaming instead about the cities of the Rhine. Once upon a time, we were at Cologne (in the autumn of 1850), and at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel Royal (where, by the way, in 1845, we first saw Jenny Lind, with a large dog—of which C. K. made "*a mem*") our attention was directed to two handsome "*madchens*," dining gracefully upon *sou-kroust*, and uncooked herring, sliced. These were Sophie Cruvelli, and her sister, still taller than herself. At night, she was announced to appear in *Norma*; but Formes had a concert at Bonn, to which we were pledged, and so we missed hearing Cruvelli in *Norma*—whereof we were after-

wards sorry, hearing that it was a great performance, and created such a deep sensation on the Rhine, that, at supper, many flasks of *Geisenheimer*, and *Rudesheimer*, and *Johannisberg* (not exactly *Schloss*), were emptied, with *champagner* to boot, as libations (poured inwards) to "the divine Sophie." The reader, perhaps, knows that Cruvelli is a German; or, if he did not know it two lines higher up, he knows it now, since we have said it.

Our esteemed *collaborateur*, Henri Panofka, can tell a great many stories about Cruvelli. He knew her when she and her tall sister were both studying under Bordogni, in Paris. Panofka aided Bordogni in his classes, and predicted Sophie's *avenir* as soon as he heard her voice. Sophie and her sister were passionately fond of "*pfannkuchen*"—not pancakes, we believe, but a sort of "kisses," innocent kisses, because only in sugar and paste. Cruvelli and her sister were fond of "kisses," and Panofka, aware of their foible, on the day of their *début* (at a concert of the *Gazette Musicale*), promised them some "kisses" in the evening, if they sang well. They sang well, and had the "kisses," which Panofka gave freely, loyal to his word, and eager to bestow the recompense on his most attractive *protégées*; and the lovely sisters ate the "*pfannkuchen*" for supper. It is also worth recording, that the Cruvellis made their *debut* in a duet composed by Panofka, who himself accompanied them on the pianoforte—a duet called "*La barca e pronta*," of which Messrs. Boosey and Co. have since sold a great many copies, in Holles-street, there being no M. Varin to set up a claim—and that, afterwards, Sophie gave Rode's *air varié*, and obtaining great applause, retired, suffused in blushes, which made the bloom upon her cheeks and lips, if possible, more beautifully red—"carnation beautiful."

Of Cruvelli's reception in London, in 1848, and of her various successes, we need not speak. Are they not written in the *Musical World*—Vol. 23, 1848?

Having lost sight of the charming Sophie for a space of three years, our pleasure was the keener to read the praises that followed her triumphant *debut* a few days since (with Sims Reeves, the Englishman), in Verdi's obstreperous *Ernani*, at Mr. Lumley's Italian Opera in Paris. We shall, however, quit the subject for the present—loth as we are to leave it—but, next week, we promise our readers a free translation of a memoir, and a *critique*, of the charming Sophie, from the brilliant pen of our *camarade*, P. A. Fiorentino, together with other particulars equally interesting, if not accompanied by the wit and fine writing which so eminently distinguish the musical *feuilletons* of the *Constitutionnel*.

Meanwhile, the announcement that Mr. Lumley has engaged Cruvelli, and that Cruvelli will shortly arrive in London, ready and eager to renew her acquaintance with her English admirers (which means the Operatic public, to a man and woman), will be read with unmixed gratification. In what opera she will make her *debut* we know not. Let us hope it may not be in one of Verdi's. It is already pleasant to reflect, that one of her duties will be to strengthen the cast of *Don Giovanni*.

#### THE GORLITZA-ÇA.

We have received a letter from Mr. James Byrn, who accuses us of defending "piracy," because we asked a question about M. Varin. If to ignore the fact of M. Varin's existence amount to a defence of "piracy," we are guilty; but if the contrary, we are not guilty. We never heard of M. Varin until Messrs. Hale sent us a copy of the *Gorlitza-ça*, from Cheltenham. We were then made aware of him, and of the exclusive right which he possessed in the *Gorlitza-ça*. As the *Gorlitza-ça* was sent to us for review, however, we reviewed it. Our review, it appears, did not give satisfaction, which we regret, though, on referring to it, we can find nothing to complain of. In a subsequent notice of a *Gorlitza*, by Mr. D'Egville of Worcester, we decided that it was not a particular composition, but a particular species of dance, like a polka. The conclusion was natural, since, except in the peculiarity of rhythm there is not the slightest resemblance between Mr. D'Egville's *Gorlitza* and M. Varin's *Gorlitza*. Nor have we, in the course of our researches, been able to detect any of the attempted "blinds" against which Mr. Byrn inveighs with such vehemence.

It is worth mentioning that, when lately in Paris, we inquired at the houses of Brandus, Troupenas, and Richault for the *Gorlitza*, and at each, respectively, we were informed that nothing of the sort was known. This does not say much for the celebrity of M. Varin; although it says quite as much as he deserves, if his talents are to be estimated by the *Gorlitza*, in F major, which is neither more nor less than a very dull polka. Mr. D'Egville's *Gorlitza*, in G, though better music, is still a polka; and, until convinced by sounder arguments than those of Mr. Byrn, we shall continue to believe that the term, *Gorlitza*, is a mere invention to palm off a quantity of rubbish upon the public; which, under the denomination of *polka*, would have rested in obscurity.

Not being learned in the terpsichorean art we refrain from questioning the existence of a peculiar dance called *Gorlitza-ça*; and of course we place implicit faith in the assurance of Mr. Byrn, a professor of talent and standing, when he claims the honor of having introduced it in this country. We do not thank him at all for the music of M. Varin, which is the essence of common-place; but we have little doubt that the *Gorlitza-ça* itself is a lively step and characteristic, as is generally the case with the Slavonic national dances.

We have published Mr. Byrn's letter elsewhere. Our readers may peruse it and deduce their own inferences from

the statements it advances. We can print no other communication, however, on the subject, unless as an advertisement. The sale of "1500 copies in a few weeks" is an interesting fact—but to Messrs. Hale, Byrn, and Varin exclusively. We quit the topic, therefore, with a hope that Mr. Byrn will not persist in proclaiming us "defenders of piracy," even though we conclude with a reiteration of the query—*who is M. Varin?*

#### Reviews of Music.

"DAVID." A SACRED ORATORIO. The words selected from Scripture, and the music composed by CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY.—Addison.

*David* is a work of that class which universal consent ranks as the very highest in musical composition. The composer therefore comes before the world with the boldest pretensions, and careful examination of the oratorio, justifies our asserting that these pretensions are honourably fulfilled, and that Mr. Horsley and the rising English school, of which his talents are decidedly an ornament, are equally advanced by the production. That this composition has faults it would be prejudice on our parts and prejudicial to the author to deny: but these are soon counted—the enumeration of its beauties will be a much longer and a wholly pleasanter duty.

To speak first of what we consider to be faults in Mr. Horsley's oratorios, we must notice to begin, its great length; a length which even the transcendent merit of the *Messiah* fails to fill up with unceasing interest, and which will always prevent even a musical audience from doing justice at an entire performance to the latter portion of the composer's labours, since the attention cannot but be wearied, if not wholly exhausted, before the work approaches its conclusion, and thus, not only the beauties of the last pieces will be lost upon the hearer, but an unsatisfactory impression of the whole will be left upon him. Next, we object to the subject, which is greatly deficient in dramatic interest, in marked character, and in powerful situations for musical effect. Next, we think there is very serious objection to the words, which, besides that they are for the most part of no very striking interest, are often so quaint or so conversational as to produce an effect nearly bordering upon ludicrous, when given with the emphatic force of musical declamation. We now come to speak of the music. Great exception has been taken to this in a manner equally ungentlemanly, uncritical, ill-natured, and injudicious, on the score of its want of originality. Well,—granted, Mr. Horsley's production bears a certain degree of resemblance in style to music already existing. This is a fault which our composer, young as he is, shares with the greatest masters of his art; the music of Handel has not only a general resemblance in all that constitutes style, in everything but its excellence, to the music of his age, but, many and many a distinct idea is identical with some unquestionable prototype, yet is the greatness of Handel not disparaged; the early writings of Mozart are precisely in the style of the Italian opera composers of his period, and his genius was in the course of its developments evidently modified by the influence of Gluck and Haydn, yet is the greatness of Mozart not disparaged; the early works of Beethoven are so closely modelled on the form and phraseology of Haydn and Mozart, that there are many movements belonging to the first period of this great master's career which might well be supposed to be the productions of one of his great originals, yet is the greatness of Beethoven not disparaged; some of the ablest critics of Spohr trace an analogy between his music and Mozart's, and some of the warmest admirers of Mendelssohn refer to that which is peculiar in him, to his familiarity with Bach, yet is the greatness of Spohr and Mendelssohn not disparaged: from all this it is evident then, that, however originality of style, when free from affectation and wilful eccentricity, is to be admired as a very high if not an essential attribute of true genius, the composer is by no means to be condemned as worthless and inestimable who may be to a certain extent wanting in this quality; and the more especially so when,



as is the case with Mr. Horsley, such composer is yet green in experience, and of whom it may be reasonably supposed that his style is still immature and incompletely developed. Since, then, there is quite enough in the present work of real merit to interest the unprejudiced hearer, and highly to gratify the candid examiner, we may fairly give to the young composer the same license that has been assumed by the greatest of his predecessors, confident as we are that, with due encouragement and with fair opportunity to exercise his talents, who has done already thus much, may, will, must, in course of time do very much more and very much better. Our next objection is that the general character of the work is wanting in breadth, grandeur, dignity; there are few places throughout that at all approach that largeness of effect and loftiness of purpose which are, we think, indispensable, to a composition of this class; and, albeit the subject but rarely suggests such a train of thoughts as we feel to be so much wanting in the present work, the composition suffers in its impression upon an audience, and, if we may use the expression, loses cast, or, rather, fails to attain it by the want of which we speak. An obvious fault throughout this oratorio is an absence of clearness of design, definiteness of plan, consistency of construction in the longer movements; and this is a matter to which we most earnestly call Mr. Horsley's attention, for we are certain that whether musical or unmusical, whether able to analyze the development of a musical idea or susceptible only of a general impression from its most striking effects, there is no hearer but is greatly affected in his appreciation of a musical composition by the presence or the absence of the power of construction in the composer. We may next notice some rare but unfortunate irregularities of harmony; one in particular, which, from its frequent repetition, appears not to be the result of carelessness or accident, but of an intentional disregard of the rule that is broken, and which produces always a most unsatisfactory effect: we allude to the practice of taking the common chord of the key note or the first inversion of it after the common chord of second of the scale, a chord of F major for instance after a chord of G minor, than which nothing, to our perception, can more confuse the feeling of key. A more important point of objection to the work as a whole is the too great preponderance of the choral recitative, which, however emphatic when sparingly used, and for some particular point only which requires peculiarly energetic declamation, becomes extremely monotonous when used to the extent in which Mr. Horsley has employed it, and thus loses all the force for which, in judicious hands, it is mostly remarkable. We have next to complain of a certain degree of lugubriousness which prevails in the work, conveying the idea of a kind of morbid affectation of expression in places where the merely narrative character of the words gives nothing to express, and where, if such words *must* be employed, not to pass over them in the simplest and most unobtrusive manner can only be to make them troublesomely prominent, the music dull, and the effect tedious. One more objection and we believe we shall have catalogued every fault that impartial criticism can find with Mr. Horsley's truly interesting and highly meritorious work, faults which we have thus carefully and distinctly detailed in order to prove the disinterestedness and sincerity of the otherwise unreasonable praise which it will be our pleasure to bestow upon the work; this last fault is the fatiguing and consequently ineffective manner in which much of it is written for the voices; it is not because the contralto and the bass can sing down to G or F, that they are to be kept for movement after movement entirely in the lower part of their compass, the extremes of the voice must, to produce any effect, be used very sparingly, and the want of this most necessary economy of the powers of his executants, is a most unfortunate thing for the general effect of our composer's production.

We will now proceed to make a brief synopsis of the oratorio, offering such remarks upon the several pieces as their various merits suggest.

The overture opens with a slow, majestic movement, in which is introduced a chorale, which recurs later in the overture, and is afterwards introduced, with voices, in the latter part of the oratorio. We are at some loss to divine what can be the composer's intention in the introduction of this chorale, whether to illustrate

any particular portion of his subject, or whether merely in accordance with the lately growing fashion of introducing chorales, which we believe to belong especially to the simple service of the Christian Church, in all classes of composition, whether mediæval or ancient, sacred or secular, simple or sublime. We must, then, overlook the intention, if there be any, of its introduction, and regard only the musicianship with which the chorale is treated, and this is very able, both as to the harmony with which it is accompanied, and the effective contrast of what introduces and succeeds it. We know not whether this chorale be of Mr. Horsley's composition, or whether it be one of the numerous Lutheran tunes; whichever it may be, we cannot but think the choice of it is so far injudicious as, the notes of the first phrase being identical with those of a most familiar grandmamma's ditty, this phrase, on those who recollect the resemblance, is likely to produce a somewhat ludicrous effect. The slow movement is followed by an *allegro*, in the form of a fugue on two subjects, which is admirably worked, and may be considered as a good example of pure counterpoint. This movement which, as well as the former, is in the key of D minor, and its immediate relative, bursts, towards its close, effectively into the major of the same tonic with the recurrence of the chorale; and this is then skillfully worked with the two subjects of the fugue, until the conclusion of the overture. As a composition, and especially as a piece of contrapuntal writing, we are much pleased with this overture. As a prelude to this oratorio, except for the anticipation of the chorale, we see not its pertinency; certain it is that it prepares us for the general character of gloom with which our composer has invested his entire work, but in this particular, it less disposes us for the subject to be treated, than for the especial, and, we think, not quite appropriate feeling with which the subject is treated. It creates, however, a most favourable impression of the extent of Mr. Horsley's musicianly powers; and it prepares us to expect from him quite as great things as the very best portions of the present oratorio.

The oratorio opens with a choral recitative, which tells of the anger of the Lord against Saul, and the grief of Samuel at receiving the announcement. This introduces a long and elaborate chorus, "How are the mighty fallen," in which the declamatory character of the opening, the extensively worked fugal point on the words, "Ye daughters of Israel," and the massive harmony of the passage beginning "God judgeth the righteous," are well contrasted and judiciously relieved each by the other.

We have next an aria for Samuel, written for a bass voice, "O Lord, take away the iniquity," which is beautifully flowing and well in keeping with the devotional character of the words. Except for a few high notes in the last page—and the composer offers us an alternative for these—this song would be much more effective in a higher key; enough, however, of this fault-finding; we have made a distinct though general allusion to all that might have been better in the work before us; to particularise instances would be illiberal and tedious.

The next piece is a duet for soprano and contralto, which is better written for the voices than is the greater part of the work. The melody throughout is clear, continuous, and graceful, and there is one in particular truly charming effect, at the resumption of the subject, from the addition of a counterpoint of semi-quavers to the voice parts, which were at first given without accompaniment.

The chorus, "Behold I am against thee," is well conceived, and forms a timely and judicious relief to the smooth, cantabile character of the two preceding movements.

We have then a choral recitative, in which the Lord commands Samuel to seek a king from among the sons of Jesse, the Bethlehemite. This is well relieved by a short solo, of much character, for Samuel, and it contains an excellent effect, produced by the tremolo of the string instruments, in the upper part of their compass, accompanying the recitative of the male chorus, the pitch of which is always below the accompaniment.

The aria for David, "The Lord is my Shepherd," pleases us very greatly; the melody is truly beautiful, and the accompaniment does all that may be to heighten its effect. The conclusion might indeed be improved, as it terminates with a phrase for the

weakest part of the tenor voice, and as a very trifling alteration would make this improvement, and as this song is so good as to deserve to be made the best of, we especially recommend Mr. Horsley to consider the matter.

The chorus "He that scattered Israel," must always lose much of the effect that its most fluent melody with its well-sustained accompaniment should produce, from its being in the same key and much of the same character as the preceding song. Considered apart from the context, it is indeed a very charming piece of writing. A point on the words "The Lord hath redeemed Jacob," in which the voices are left much alone, strikes us as being particularly happy.

Next follows a recitative for soprano, in which Samuel demands of Jesse his son, in the course of which the words of Samuel are given in a bass solo. The recurrence to the opening phrase of the song "The Lord is my Shepherd," at the introduction of David to the prophet, helps well to tell the story; and the enunciation of the final words, "Arise, for this is he," by the full chorus is judicious. The chorus, "The spirit of the Lord," grows out of this passage, a very graceful movement to which the interspersed passages of soprano solo form an excellent colouring; but here again we have to regret the likeness of the figure of accompaniment, and other points of resemblance to the last chorus, which from the degree of monotony such similarity produces, frustrate much of the effect that otherwise could not but belong to this movement.

The aria for contralto, "Righteous as thou," is the least striking of the solo pieces to which we have yet come, but the peculiarly happy manner in which is brought about the return to the opening theme in D, the original key, after an episode in F sharp minor, is alone sufficient to make this song interesting.

We next come to a double quartet without accompaniment, in which the choir of female voices is made to alternate with that of the male until the close of the movement, when the two choirs are brought skilfully together. But for its too great length, and but for the excessive lowness of the bass part, we should safely reckon upon this as a sure point for effect whenever the work might be performed.

Another choral recitative tells how the armies of Philistia and of Israel met in array for battle, and how the former sent out Goliath for a champion. This introduces a vigorous and characteristic recitative and aria for Goliath himself, the subject of which latter has been anticipated with dramatic propriety, and with good effect in the symphonies of the preceding solo and choral recitatives. The character of defiance is well maintained in this song, which opens with an appropriate change of feeling, a new period in the history. The song leads into a chorus of considerable dramatic power "Have you seen this man," and this, after being cleverly elaborated to a great, perhaps a too great length, is interrupted by a short solo for David, and the scene concludes with a short resumption of the Israelite chorus in which the enemy's challenge is accepted.

The next piece is a bass song for the High Priest, "Why comest thou down hither," which is marked by great dignity, a character that the stately and excellently continued march of the accompaniment tends much to maintain.

We have now an irregular movement consisting partly of recitative, partly of rhythmical music, in which David is introduced to Saul, offers to undertake the fight with the Philistine, and is received by the king and his party with mistrust of his power to contend against so fierce an antagonist. This introduces David's aria, "Thy servant kept," the opening phrase of which is lovely, and there are many nice points in the course of the song, but we feel it to be unequal, and we think it partakes too much of the pastoral character instead of the air of defiance which the dramatic situation requires; some of the most energetic passages, too, are written so low that no tenor voice can give them with any effect, and thus also, that which we so greatly miss, is made to be still more manifestly wanting. Setting aside dramatic propriety to which we attach great importance, for the sake of musical effect which is of still more consequence, and which depends so very largely upon contrast, the composer should have made this an animated movement in order to relieve the prayer that

follows it for the same voice and in the same key, and which having also much sameness of character, cannot produce so good an impression as it would were it more judiciously introduced. Mr. Horsley seems to have forgotten that his hero was a hero, that though a shepherd he was a warrior, and that like all members of a pastoral people he possessed not only the arts of war, but the courage to exercise them. Well, for the prayer itself. This is a most charming air beautifully harmonized and full of devotional feeling; it is given once by the character of David as a solo, and repeated with increased effect by the chorus, when it is judiciously lengthened by an appropriate coda.

We have now a grand duet for David and Goliath "Am I a dog," in which distinctness of character in the different music of the two opponents is not unsuccessfully aimed at. The movement is somewhat long, but it contains many points of interest.

The chorus that follows upon this duet, "Woe to us," is a movement of great power. The long dominant pedal with which it opens, and the agitated character of the accompaniment, together with the division of the choirs of male and female voices prepare the way with good effect for the fortissimo of the whole orchestra in the key of F minor, when the before only muttered griefs of the conquered Philistines burst into wild exclamation. The fugal point on the words "Who shall deliver us," forms a timely relief, but we are not quite satisfied with the course of modulation through which it is carried. The passage beginning "These are the Gods," is well conceived, but we think not harmonised with sufficient reference to principles. Another dominant pedal, to the same words, is quite as effective as that which opens the movement, and introduces well the return to the principal subject. The prolongation of this, the re-entry of the fugal points before alluded to, and the coda of which this is the commencement, are all sure to elicit the admiration of the candid and educated hearer.

Another choral recitative announces the flight of the Philistines, and an invocation of David, "Praise ye the Lord," answered phrase by phrase by the full chorus, has a fine, broad, clear and purely vocal effect. This introduces the concluding chorus of the first part, "Sing unto God," in which the natural freedom of the opening theme is well relieved by many points of close imitation in the progress of a long and elaborately wrought movement. The interest is perhaps not in accordance with the length of this chorus, which, like some of the previous pieces, could it be much compressed, would be greatly advantaged. The want of a power of condensation in the arrangement of his ideas, of conciseness in their development, has been always observable to us in Mr. Horsley's compositions, and it is a want that in this oratorio, which is an assemblage of so many movements, all requiring consistency in themselves no less than coherence with each other, is especially and unfortunately obvious. This chorus is, however, full of merit and it winds up the first part with very great spirit.

The second part opens with a march which is bold and manly, well relieved by a trio of a softer character, and wound up with a vigorous coda. In this last we cannot admire the harmony of a passage in which the bass descends by semitones from E to A, and where the greatest possible confusion of key prevails; the idea is good, but the carrying out of it is, to say the least, unsatisfactory.

A choral recitative, which is interspersed with the opening phrase of the preceding march transposed into a minor key, and which is, to our appreciation, of a mournful character, singularly inappropriate, tells how the Tribes came to pay homage to David. The chorus which this introduces (to the same words as one of Handel's coronation anthems), "The King shall rejoice," is one of the most masterly movements in the whole oratorio; and, which is no little merit fine as it is, is wholly unlike the previous magnificent setting of the same passage of scripture. It opens with a forcible passage of plain counterpoint, which continues till the words, "For thou preventest him." Here commences an admirably worked fugue, which, coming to a close on the fifth of the original key, again introduces the opening theme of the movement. Then follows another fugue to the words, "For thou hast made him most blessed," which is no less ably treated than the preceding. We have then another recurrence of the opening theme, and then the subjects of the two fugues are brought to-



gether in the manner of a most skilful contrapuntist. After some very ingeniously close working of these, we have a truly impressive coda consisting of a progression of the broadest and most massive harmony; we may particularize the first inversion of the major supertonic ninth being followed by the second inversion of the major tonic ninth, which last is resolved on the third, having then the root in the bass, as an instance of equal boldness, novelty, and excellence of effect.

The aria which succeeds, "Who am I, O Lord," is the most pretentive, and, not so much on account of its pretensions as of their fulfilment, the most important solo piece in the work. It consists of an expressive andante in B minor, a declamatory recitative, and an allegro of considerable length and much power. The very extensive compass of this song, and the fact that not single notes but long passages in it are better suited for a bass than a tenor, while the rest is decidedly written for a tenor voice, will always prevent its realizing the composer's intentions in performance, and must proportionably hinder its effect.

"The Lord is a God of judgment" is a charmingly melodious chorus, with a flowing accompaniment, well sustained in the manner that Mendelssohn has so often made effective. The episode to the words "Blessed is the man" is in good keeping, the coda is happy, and the whole exceedingly effective.

Another of the almost countless choral recitatives, which serve unfortunately to bedull and so to deaden the work, tells how the Philistines rose against David, how David sought the assistance of heaven, and how the Lord promised to deliver them into the hands of David. This introduces a lovely aria for soprano, "O, love the Lord," in which, besides the great merit of the whole, we may particularize the return to the subject as being a very felicitous point.

The double chorus, "Come, let us cut them off," in which the Philistines sing an agitated theme (the character whereof is well and continuously preserved), and the Israelites a slow and psalmic strain, is clever. In this Mr. Horsley has, like Handel and others of his great predecessors, given the Philistines by far the best of it in respect of the attractiveness, if we may not say the interest of their music, thus illustrating the old figure of the flowery and the thorny paths of vice and virtue. This movement terminates with a half close on G;—then, after a bar's silence, we have the second inversion of a chord of D flat, which, though a chromatic chord belonging to the key of C minor, introduced in this manner has an effect of striking harshness. David has a few bars of recitative while this chord is sustained, and then an augmented sixth on the same bass note leads into the key of C major, a most gratifying relief from the harmonious perplexity in which we have been involved. Here, then, we have the bass solo and chorus "God is the King of all the earth," which, for breadth, for clearness, for simplicity, and for purity, the sum total of all these constituting true grandeur and real beauty, gives us the most unalloyed and unexceptionable pleasure of any movement of which we have yet spoken.

Next we have the scene of David consulting the leaders as to the fetching the ark of the Lord out of the land of Israel,—the fetching the ark "in a new cart,"—and the judgment against Uzza, who "drove the cart," for daring to put his hand upon the ark. This abounds in real beauties. It opens with the chorale introduced in the overture—which, once more, we wish had been better chosen—and then continues, in alternation of recitative and rhythmical movement, for solo voices and for chorus. We are especially struck with a Canto Fermo, first sung by David with a counterpoint of crotchets, and afterwards by the full chorus in simple counterpoint of note against note. This recurs subsequently with equally good effect.

Next follows a quartet, "Behold thou art wroth," which is without accompaniment, but has the pauses at the four closes that occur in it filled up with a long passage for a wind instrument. The effect of these interludes is not quite novel, but it is very good. The whole is a very pleasing piece of smooth harmony, having only the fault of being written too low for the voices.

The aria for contralto, "The Lord shall endure for ever," is very low, and very slow, and very far from being our favourite piece.

We have then a scene similar in its conduct to that of the fetching up of the ark of the Lord, in which David gives his injunction to Zadock and Abiathar to sanctify themselves, and to bring up the covenant. In this, portions of the overture chorale, the Canto Fermo of David, and other matter in the previous scene, are introduced again with good and appropriate effect.

The trio for soprano, alto and tenor, "How amiable are thy tabernacles," would, except for its length, be unexceptionable. Our composer forgets that we may have too much even of a very good thing, and that, however good, what would otherwise be the best of things, ceases to excel in beauty directly it excels in length the just proportion which its character requires.

A short chorus, "So they brought the Ark," and David's solo in continuation of this, "Sing ye to the Lord," bring us to the final chorus, "Give unto the Lord." The opening movement of this, which is of a majestic character, leads into the chorale of the overture, now introduced for the first time with voices, "O praise the Lord." There is considerable ingenuity in the variety of harmony given to this theme at its several introductions in the course of the work, of which it would be difficult to select the most effective: the composer has thus done his utmost to counteract the unfortunate effect of the familiarity of the first phrase of the chorale, which strikes us more and more forcibly every time it recurs. We have then an allegro of great spirit, in the course of which occurs a well worked point of imitation on the words, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord," and finally the chorale is introduced again, accompanied this time with the whole power of the orchestra, and so the Oratorio concludes. From our remarks, it may be gathered that we prefer the second part of this work to the first; and such, indeed, is the case; for though, according to our fallible judgment, this had its failings, and these we have not scrupled to indicate, we think upon the whole it presents much fewer weak points, and is generally written with more freedom, vigour, and mastery of the resources of a musician. It would seem that our composer grew into his subject as he proceeded with it, and that his power increased with the weight of what he had to support.

As a whole, we are fully satisfied that *David* is a fine work, though we cannot, in justice, describe it as a great one; and it is one which makes us truly proud to be the compatriots of the writer. That Mr. Horsley may continue in the excellent path he has chosen for himself is our hearty wish and earnest recommendation, and, from the analogy of all the great musicians whose example he so honourably emulates, we see no reason for supposing other than, that with further practice in writing and experience in hearing what he writes, and accumulating opinions upon it, he may and will free himself from the trammels of his early studies, and, retaining only the true profit make for himself a decided and individual style which will rescue him from the ignorant, unjust, and injudicious sneers of those would-be critics who possess that dangerous thing, the little knowledge which enables them to grovel in the mud for faults, without giving them the power to look towards heaven for the beautiful light which streams from thence, or to appreciate, or even to feel, the glowing warmth which it so profusely pours upon them. We look forward with hope and pleasure to Mr. Charles Horsley's next important production. G. A. M.

L'OISEAU MOQUEUR—Valse Brillante, pour le Piano-forte  
—A SON ELEVE MDLLE. THOMPSON—PAR EDWARD DEARLE.—  
D'Almaine and Co.

We should have liked Mr. Dearle's title-page better thus:—*The Mocking Bird—Brilliant Waltz, for the Piano-forte—dedicated to his Pupil, Miss Thompson, by Edward Dearle—Op.*—No, there is no "Op." Why Mr. Dearle should appear in a French costume on the cover of his piece,—while the interior, subject and treatment, are so purely English, that we object even to the designation, *valse*, being applied to it—puzzles us. We are happy to say, however, that this is the only grave objection we have to urge against the composition. *L'Oiseau Moqueur Valse* ("The Mocking Bird Waltz") is brilliant, sparkling, well accentuated, and showy, without being seriously difficult. There is a touch of George Osborne's *Pluie de Perles* (why not "Shower of Pearls,"

O! son of Hibernia?) but the key of E flat being adopted, instead of that of D flat, *L'Oiseau Moqueur* ("The Mocking Bird") is not so hard to play by a long stretch as the *Pluie de Perles* ("Shower of Pearls"). Do not suppose, reader, that we accuse Mr. Dearle of having appropriated to himself any phrase, phrases, or parts of phrases, from that well known fantasy—which has had so extraordinary a sale, and for which the English music publishers had to pay £10 each (*à rebrousse poil*)—on the contrary, Mr. Dearle has done nothing of the kind. His *valse* (waltz) is his own, from first to last, although in the opening bar there is a feeling of something which immediately brings *La Pluie* ("The Shower") to the mind's ear; but the mind's ear, after a moment's loan ("Lend me your ear."—GHOST), rejects the comparison as "odorous." Professing to admire the whole of Mr. Dearle's *valse* (waltz),—which, in its way, is a sort of John Bull version of Weber's *Invitation pour la valse* (minus the invitation and retiring compliment), though we acknowledge there is not a single bar where resemblance may be traced—professing to admire the whole *valse* (waltz), we enter a preference for the episode in A flat, at page 4, a sort of waltz-march, vigorous, rhythmical, and stirring, with a progression into the relative minor that smacks of the musician—another episode in F major, which, from the imitations in alternate bars, we take to be a poetical illustration of the mocking bird's peculiarity—and a third, in E flat, the same as the second in F, being simply a transposition, which but for the graceful progression into G flat, at page 7, should be struck out incontinent, since, at the end of page 7, Mr. Dearle merely arrives at the same place where he found himself at the middle of page 6 (line 3, bar 4), on the dominant of E flat, to which point, it may be presumed, he directed his steps for the evident purpose of resuming, in the most natural way, his first and principal subject. On second thoughts, however, the progression into G flat (page 7) is again merely a transposition of the progression into A flat (page 5), in the first episode, which induces us to reiterate our suggestion that the episode (in E flat, not in F) should be struck out incontinent. The *valse* (waltz) would be shortened thereby, and though shortened, improved—since in compactness is strength, and in redundancy weakness; while, as the to-be-excised-episode happens precisely in the same key as the principal subject, and the *coda*, which is animated and brief, nothing will be lost by the loss of it, but something gained by its omission.

As a teaching piece we heartily recommend *L'Oiseau Moqueur* ("The Mocking Bird") to all masters and scholars of moderate attainments. He that would shine without a vast deal of preparatory exercise may fall to at once, for here is an excellent means of exhibiting in crowded *salon* or in *petit comité*.

"THE AMATEUR PRELUDIST." A COLLECTION OF PRELUDES FOR ORGAN OR HARMONIUM. Composed and selected by EDWARD TRAVIS. Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

The object of this little work, which is published in a very convenient form, is praiseworthy; but the fifty-three examples which Mr. Travis designates as preludes are rather short pieces, or voluntaries, their form being too regular and compact to come properly under the designation of preludes, which should always have the air of impromptus. The amateur who makes use of them will be simply prefacing the piece he is going to play with another piece that is shorter. We presume at least Mr. Travis does not intend his brief examples as specimens of that elaborate kind of movement, complete in all its parts, which Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn designate "Preludes," but simply as "anteludes," or runnings-over-the-keys previous to beginning the performance, and, consequently, though the "Preludes," which he has "composed and selected," without stating which are his own and which he has borrowed (a somewhat questionable proceeding) have much of the sweetness of harmony, simplicity of melody, and, in some cases, insipidity of Rincek, they do not seem to us to carry out what their title would seem to imply; that is, if our interpretation be accepted; nevertheless, as short and not difficult studies for amateur organists, they may be recommended as excellent of their kind, combining the *utile* and the *dulce*. It becomes Mr. Travis, however, as a zealous and loyal British musician and organist, to publish as early as possible, an index whereby the amateur

purchaser and the hard critic may be enabled to know which are Mr. Travis's and which are the property of other masters. Until this index appears, he will find no reviewer sufficiently venturesome to analyze the "Preludes" individually, in detail, since it would be very disagreeable to be finding fault with harmonies, counterpoint, form, and what-not, in a piece, supposed to be a composition of Mr. Travis's, but which he, Mr. Travis, might afterwards fling in the face of the reviewer with a triumphant exclamation "Ah, you have been pitching into Mozart," as though the possibility of finding faults in the works of a great master, rendered him, Mr. Travis, unassailable. No, Mr. Travis! As *Punch* says, "Feathered bipeds of an advanced age are not to be entrapped by the outer husks of corn." Send us your index, in order that we may see what you have selected and what you have composed, and we will criticise your "Amateur Preludist" piece by piece—that is the Second Book, for we have with the First.

"TROIS MORCEAUX DESCRIPTIFS." For the Pianoforte. Composed and dedicated to Sigismond Thalberg, by the EARL OF BELFAST.—Cramer, Beale, & Co.

These are dedicated to a pianist *de la première force*, and to M. Thalberg, with all humility, we confide the first—*Chant plaintif Au Bord de la Mer*—in D flat, which utterly eludes our grasp. We have heard it executed, however, in a very finished and effective style, by M. Alexandre Billet, the Russian pianist, at a private *soirée*, when both the piece and the player obtained the unanimous suffrages of all present, among whom were divers connoisseurs. We liked the *Chant*, but subsequently attempting it at our own fingers, we totally failed to renew to our satisfaction the effect produced by M. Billet, and abandoned it, incontinent, as hopeless. In short, the first of the three descriptive pieces is only adapted to such pianists as set all difficulties at defiance, of which number are not we. The principal passage, a large and sweeping *arpeggio*, is gracefully disposed and harmonizes well with the melody.

No. 2, *La Fileuse*, in F sharp major, is more in our way. The bass, *monotono assai* (sufficiently monotonous), gives an excellent idea of the *rouet à filer*, while the canto, dolorous, and plaintive, indicates that the poor *fileuse* is anything but satisfied with her lot. In the *agitato*, page six, when the key changes to the minor, her dissatisfaction with her task approaches despair, which despair, we may suppose, at the *reprise* of the *tempo primo* and the original key, to be a little alleviated by some passing thought, at page 9, where the effective and unexpected progression to D, assumes even the colour of hope; this, however, by the immediate resumption of the harmony of F sharp, turns out to be but a transient gleam, and—as the *fileuse* continues filling to the end of the *morceau*, which terminates with a sentimental shake—a delusion.

In No. 3, *L'Insomnie*, Lord Belfast again betakes himself to the key of D flat,—and again emulates his illustrious dedicatee, whose peculiar style, in the dispersion of harmonies, wide and rich, he has happily caught. Had this "morceau descriptif" borne the initials of the great Sigismond, we should have been inclined to lay the authorship at his door; from which it may be inferred, that, besides being difficult and well-stretched, it is by no means devoid of sentiment, not to speak of other musical attractions. The poetical idea is good and carried out. The first page, an *allegretto agitato*, describes sleeplessness, and not inaptly, since the melody is so graceful, and catching, and Italian, that it is very likely to be an enemy to sleep, obstinately singing at the pillow of any one who has heard it *en passant*, in whose head it is running, and whence to comb it out, with the comb of resolution, is impossible. The next page, a *largo* in G flat, entitled "Effort pour dormir," is equally engaging, and we are not surprised that in the last bar but two (line 4), his Lordship should have written the words *en vain*, over against the melody, which is not a likely tune to sleep to, but rather to sing to. In despair at his double unsuccess, his Lordship resumes the first theme in a more agitated and passionate style, prefacing its entrée with a short and fanciful *leggero* of semiquavers in syncope, as it were one of the tiny waggoners of Queen Mab tickling the ear of the unwilling waker with the lash of his web-woven waggon whip. For a time, however, the



original theme produces no more effect than at first, until line 3, bar 2, of the last page, up to the end of the following line, where his Lordship introduces a reminiscence of one of the songs in book 2, of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne worte*, which at once accomplishes an *assoupissement*, or dozing off, that, aided by an enharmonic modulation from D flat to A major, and back again by a *diminuendo*, accomplishes the desired *sommeil*, and sends the imaginary player,—not the audience—to sleep.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

*La Muta di Portici* was repeated on Saturday, and again attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with a party, occupied the Royal Box. Auber's star is in the ascendant, and in good time. When the Grand Opera of the French stage made its way into the Italian theatres represented by Meyerbeer, it was reasonable to hope that Auber would not be long behind. He came, followed by Halevy at one theatre, anticipated by Halevy at the other. Two master-pieces have been produced, and others, we are given to understand, are *in prospectu*! Besides *Gustave* and *Masaniello*, Auber has written *Lestocq*, *Le Cheval de Bronze*, and others, equally well fitted for the Italian stage. The sooner they are thought of the better.

With respect to the performance of *La Muta* on Saturday, it was to be lamented that Signor Pardini, who, on the previous Thursday, in the latter part of the opera, had already exhibited indications of suffering under the prevalent epidemic, was so much worse that after the third act he had to resign his part to M. Poultier. That artist being luckily in the theatre at the time gallantly undertook it at a moment's notice. M. Poultier was for several years the *Masaniello* of the *Academie*, and the chief provincial theatres of France, and obtained a high reputation in the character. We cannot however pretend to criticise his performance on Saturday night under the peculiar circumstances that procured us the advantage of witnessing it. He sang the "Somno" with a vast deal of expression, and made redundant use of his *fa/setto*. M. Poultier displayed considerable energy and intention in his acting, but, seemed to be deficient in ease, for which there was every excuse. He was most kindly received by the audience and was recalled before the curtain, after the opera, with Madame Fiorentini, Mdle. Monti, and M. Massol.

Mdle. Monti more than confirmed the great impression she made on Thursday. There is but one opinion about this lady—that she emphatically merits the title which introduced her to this country, that of "the greatest mime of Italy."

Mr. Lumley's brief season before Easter has presented features of striking interest. The production of *Gustave III.* was important, because that opera is one of the best of the greatest living French composer, and significant, because it gave reason to hope for other works from the same pen, and led to the conclusion that the *impresario* of Her Majesty's Theatre would not for the future restrict himself wholly to the Italian repertoire. *Masaniello* corroborated this view, and its success further justified the new policy. The *debut* of Mdle. Caroline Duprez was highly interesting. So much had been said and written about this youthful artist, after her appearance at the *Italiens*, in Paris, that the greatest expectations were formed in her behalf. Mdle. Duprez did not discredit her renown. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was judiciously selected for her *debut*, and nothing could be more unanimous than the public verdict. The season opened with this performance, and Mr. Lumley had thus to congratulate himself upon a "hit" at the very outset of his campaign. Madame Fiorentini made her first appearance as Madame Ankaström in *Gustave*, with entire suc-

cess. The beautiful quality of her voice, and the largeness of her style, were advantageously exhibited. This charming singer can hardly fail to prove a valuable acquisition to the theatre. Signor Calzolari appeared on the opening night, as Edgardo. He was indisposed, and failed to do himself justice. Gustave was his second part; the music was too high for him, but the intelligence of the singer could not be concealed. Signor Calzolari is a really intelligent artist. Mdle. Duprez' page in *Gustave* was infinitely admired. She, nevertheless, received some gentle admonishment for interfering with Auber's music, and for the introduction of the *rondo finale* from *Le Serment*, which, nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, excited a *furor*.

*Masaniello*, under the title of *La Muta di Portici*, was produced in a style of splendour and completeness, which eclipsed any thing ever brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Pardini made his first appearance in *Masaniello*. He sang the barcarole amid a torrent of applause, and created a highly favourable impression in the grand duet with Pietro. From this point, however, either his strength failed him from taxing his powers too much in so large a theatre, or from the effect of an incipient cold, and he did not improve his position at the end. That the latter was the case may, we think, be augured from the fact that, at the second performance of *Masaniello*, Signor Pardini was entirely incapacitated from singing. The true merits of the new tenor may, therefore, be said to be yet unknown.

M. Massol's engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre was an act of good policy on the part of Mr. Lumley. In certain parts of the French Opera, and the Italian, we may add, Massol has no rival on the stage at present. The popular barytone made his first appearance in Pietro, one of his most spirited and admirable performances. He was received with immense favour, and achieved a success not to be disputed. Mdle. Monti's success has already been dwelt upon, and need not be repeated here. The admirable *mime* has appeared twice as Fenella, and twice won the hearts of all who saw her. Two new tenors appeared in *Masaniello*, without adding much to the vocal strength of the company. Signor Scotti found the music of Alfonso too high. Signor Mercuriali has a strong voice, which may be found useful in subordinate parts.

In the ballet department, the principal novelty was the *L'Isle des Amours*, which introduced Amalia Ferraris and M. Charles. Carlotta Grisi made her first appearance in the Bal scene of *Gustave*, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

Thus far of Her Majesty's Theatre up to the period of the Easter recess. Next week Lablache makes his first appearance as Dulcamara in the *Elisir d'Amore*, and Mdle. Caroline Duprez will play Adina, a part in which she obtained so much success in Paris. On Thursday *Masaniello* will be repeated, and on Saturday Mdle. Alaymo will make her *debut* in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Rumour speaks highly of Mdle. Alaymo's beauty, voice, and dramatic powers. *Nous verrons.*

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Roberto il Diavolo* was announced for Saturday evening, and the Queen signified her intention of being present. At 7 o'clock a large concourse surrounded the outer doors, which were expected to be opened at that hour, according to usage. Cabs and carriages lined the streets, and the policemen found plenty of occupation in establishing order. The crowd waited with singular patience until half-past 7, when they began to exhibit symptoms of dissatisfaction. The evening was bitter cold, and the ladies had to stand exposed in the open air in thin shoes, and with uncovered heads, for three quarters of an

hour. When the doors were at length opened, and the crowds rushed into the theatre, their eyes were greeted by the following placard posted on the walls:—

"It is with extreme regret that the directors are compelled to announce that the illness of Signor Tamberlik was this afternoon so greatly increased as entirely to deprive him of his voice, and it will therefore be impossible to perform the opera of 'Roberto il Diavolo' this evening. The opera of 'Semiramide' will be substituted, in which Madame Grisi and Mademoiselle Angri will perform; the part of Assur will be sung by Signor Salvatori, who, although still suffering most severely from hoarseness and sore throat, has most kindly consented to appear. Under these circumstances, the directors most respectfully request the kind indulgence of the audience.

"Royal Italian Opera, April 12, 1851."

"MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

"I hereby certify that it is quite impossible for Signor Tamberlik to perform this evening, in consequence of complete loss of voice from a sudden attack of influenza.

"April 12, 1851.

"A. BILLING, M.D."

Great was the surprise and manifest the indignation expressed at the change in the performance, and at its not being announced sooner. Still, although an obvious remedy was at hand, none of the malcontents thought of leaving the theatre. The only blame chargeable against the directors lay in their not having the outer doors opened at the usual time. They could not be made responsible for Signor Tamberlik's illness, nor, seeing that he was so much better in the morning, could they tell that he would not be enabled to sing until it was too late to have new bills printed. The grumblers had but little cause for their grumbling—nevertheless, they made the most of it. The overture was executed amid calls, hisses, and plaudits from all parts of the house, commingled in one discordant sound. Nor did the uproar cease during the entire of the first scene, until Grisi made her appearance and with a look seemed, like Norna of the Fitful Head, to assuage the elemental fury. The opera after this was suffered to proceed in quietude.

One of the grumblers, not satisfied with his share in the din on Saturday, thus gives vent to his grumbling in the *Times* of Monday:—

"SIR,—Will you allow one of the 'obstreperous demonstrators of ill-humour' of Saturday night a word of excuse? On the Saturday previous I went to see the opera of *Semiramide*. On Thursday I went to see *Masaniello*, and not until the crowd in the vestibule of the pit entrance hurried me past the checktakers was it discovered that we were to have *Semiramide* again. On Saturday I went to see *Robert le Diable*, and merged into the crowd of the vestibule equally unconscious as before of another repetition of *Semiramide*. An immense crowd, including ladies in full-dress, uncovered, was kept standing out in the street at the pit entrance half an hour beyond the time advertised for the doors to be opened, and the bill of *Robert le Diable* was suspended alongside of the entrance the whole time. Of what avail was it for the checktakers politely to intimate to the flow of crowding visitors that the opera was changed? We did not call for Tamberlik, nor for the opera of *Roberto*. An apology was due to the audience from the stage on account of the want of any notice outside the doors of the theatre. Had it been courteously given, the opera would not have proceeded until the appearance of Grisi in dumb show amid the tumult of the malcontents.

"April 14.

"L. R."

The season before Easter presents but few points for our notice. Grisi's *reutree*, and the manifest improvement in her voice since last season, were the principal features. The re-engagement of Angri was justified by the fair artist's increasing popularity and her undoubted talents. Signor Salvatori, on the other hand, proved but an inefficient substitute for Tam-

burini, whose loss, or we are greatly mistaken, will be seriously felt at the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Salvatori, however, has had a persistent attack of influenza, and may yet prove himself a second Tamburini. *Semiramide* did not prove as attractive as formerly. *Masaniello* brought back Tamberlik in all his force, but did not bring back Massol, who seceded to the other house, and made way for Formes. The great German basso created an evident sensation in Pietro, but had his opponents as well as his admirers.

So far the season has not proved very brilliant, and the directors must look to the attractions after Easter to make up for lost time.

Mario has arrived, and will make his first appearance in the *Huguenots*; and *Fidelio* is announced for Thursday, May 1st. This looks like making up for lost time.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

(From the *Times*.)

M. Alexandre Billet is still advocating the cause of sterling pianoforte music in the convenient lecture-room of St. Martin's Hall. That his concerts have been well attended is to be hailed as a good sign, since their attraction depends entirely on legitimate causes. Unassisted by vocalists, relying solely on his own capabilities to do justice to the classical compositions of which his programmes are exclusively composed, M. Billet has succeeded in winning a large share of public attention. The number of works, hitherto almost as unknown to the majority of the profession as to the uninitiated laity, which he has revived at his concerts in St. Martin's-hall, would alone attest to their utility. On Tuesday night, at the fifth performance of the present series, almost every piece in the programme was comparatively new, while scarcely one but was associated with some interesting event in the life or artistic career of its composer. The sonata in A, Op. 101, of Beethoven, though one of the most remarkable of his pianoforte works, is scarcely known at all. A lady, for whom Beethoven had a strong predilection, accused him of a general want of "amiability" in his music. Hurt by the insinuation, Beethoven wrote the sonata in question, the opening movement of which is a passionate love-song, as melodious as it is richly harmonized, the rest of the work being in the usual fashion of his latter style; he dedicated it to his fair accuser, and silenced her for ever. The sonata in A flat of Dussek, Op. 71, is connected with a different kind of anecdote. It was originally published in Paris (when Dussek entered into the household of Talleyrand) under the denomination of *Le Retour à Paris*. About the same time, however, another well known writer for the pianoforte, Woelfl, published a sonata, which, owing to its extreme difficulty, was surnamed *Ne Plus Ultra*. To the last movement of this sonata—variations on Mozart's "O Dolce concento"—may be traced the origin of that school which afterwards gave birth to Herz, Thalberg, and the rest of the modern *bravura* pianists—the "romantics," as they are absurdly styled. Dussek's London publishers, however, having received a copy of the *Retour à Paris*, printed it in London, with the title of *Plus Ultra*, "dedicated to *Ne Plus Ultra*." And in truth, while many can be found to master the sonata of Woelfl, few but pianists of the first class (and few again of these in the exclusively "brilliant" school) can accomplish the sonata of Dussek, which, moreover, is one of the most striking and original of his compositions. The *Caprice* of Mendelssohn in F sharp, a *prestissimo* of incredible difficulty, was originally written in an album; it was an early work, and not intended



for publication; none, however, will complain that its destined obscurity has been counteracted by the enterprise of the foreign publishers who first placed such a masterly work within general reach. The *fantasia* by the same composer, in the same key, dedicated to his friend, Moscheles, is, in spite of its name, a regular sonata, and one of the finest ever composed for the instrument. These, a very spirited caprice by M. Silas, entitled *Les Finales*, and a set of studies from Clementi, Chopin, Hiller, and Kalkbrenner, completed the programme. Scarcely one of them has been heard in public before, although not one but well deserves the distinction. It is hardly less creditable to M. Billet to have introduced them than to have played them in such a manner as to engage the attention, enchain the interest, and gain the hearty applause of a very crowded audience during the whole of his unaided performance. The study of Chopin on the black keys, an extraordinary piece of mechanism, was unanimously encored. The sixth concert is announced for the 29th, when several works by Haydn, Stern-dale Bennett, Stephen Heller, &c., never before given in public, will be introduced.

#### MASSOL.

Although he has betrayed his colors and gone over to the camp of the enemy (*style de feus camarades*), Massol has been heartily received by the public, who ignorant of the motives which urged him to migrate, see nothing but an old favorite on fresh boards, a well known physiognomy hanging on the cheek of another night, a voice whose vibrations, ever cheerful, agitate a new atmosphere, and beat against other boxes. In his own part of Pietro, Massol has achieved the same triumph before the lamps of "Her Majesty's" as before the footlights of the "Royal Italian." Missed there he is found here, wept in one place he is cheered in another. The public is simply a *bon enfant*, and pries not into particulars, nor puts its nose behind the scenes. The various organs of public opinion, too, have unanimously held out to Massol the cordial grasp, have tendered the friendly fist. The *Herald*, eloquent as just, thus apostrophises our Pietro:—

"M. Massol, who was the Pietro of the Royal Italian Opera last season, was the Pietro of last night; and where was a better to be found? We look upon the engagement of this gentleman to be an adroit step on the part of the management, for there are few in his peculiar line whose pretensions have been so well and so satisfactorily tried. His singing is totally devoid of the coarsenesses and austerities which but too often belong to the voices of his register, and whatever he undertakes he executes with care and precision. His Pietro wholly differs from that of Formes; but it has its own merits. In the duet in the second act the general energy which he exhibited while deprecating the thraldom of his country, was immensely effective, not for the loudness of the definition, but for the settled depth of purpose and the vigour of the mental impulse. This display was rewarded with the usual encore. The air in the fifth act was also a demonstration of neat and graceful singing."

The *Times* more curt is not a bit less hearty:—

"M. Massol was received with acclamations of applause. His Pietro is too well known, as a manly and vigorous performance, to need any description here. Suffice it his voice was in first-rate condition, and he sang the famous duet, 'Aux armes' (with Masaniello), with immense energy and spirit, and obtained an enthusiastic encore. He was also excellent in the drinking song of the last act, to which he imparted unusual point and emphasis. There is nothing calculated in M. Massol's conception of Pietro; it is simple, straightforward, and natural, and hence it is effective."

Shorter, but sweet, thus sings the *Morning Post*:—

"M. Massol, who made his debut at her Majesty's Theatre on this occasion in the part of Pietro, was enthusiastically welcomed,

and sang throughout the opera with his accustomed *verve* and dramatic feeling."

The *Chronicle* finds spirit, finish, grace, and smoothness, all in Massol's singing:—

"The first appearance of M. Massol upon these boards was the third event of the night. This admirable singer is a great addition to the strength of the company. Whatever part he undertakes he executes with the utmost spirit and finish. His Pietro became an important feature in the opera, and he sang with all his habitual grace and smoothness. To the success of the great duet with Pardini he contributed largely, and in the whole of the concerted music his voice was heard with great advantage. We should also mention that his make-up was very picturesque."

The *Daily News*, who wastes no words in ordinary, wastes none here in particular, but speaks briefly to the purpose:—

"Massol, who performed the part of Pietro, appeared, it will be remembered, last season in that part at the other house. It is a character which, on the Parisian stage, he has made his own, and in which he is acknowledged to be unrivalled."

We cannot find space for any more, or rather we cannot find any more for space, having mislaid all the other papers, except the *Athenæum*, which, going straight up to the wall in a bound, declares that "Massol is the best Pietro on the stage." Brevity is the soul of wit—and we leave Massol for the nonce to his fortunes until we have to criticise him in another part.

#### BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

The second meeting took place on Tuesday, and was well attended. The quartets were No. 4, Op. 18, in C minor; the "Razamoffsky," in F, No. 7, Op. 59; and the A minor, No. 16, Op. 131. The executants were Ernst, H. C. Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot.

The performance was admirable, and afforded unqualified pleasure. The quartet in C minor, one of the finest specimens of Beethoven's early style exhibited the grandeur and passionate expression of Ernst's playing to perfection, especially in the first movement. The great violinist was ably supported by his coadjutors, each of whom seemed to project his entire energies and feelings into the performance. The "Razamoffsky" quartet was no less satisfactory. The elaborate details of the *allegro* were rendered with irreproachable delicacy and precision; and the *adagio* again brought Ernst's highest powers into play; its deep and varied beauties were brought out with wonderful expression. The *finale*, tantalising and capricious, was executed with infinite point and spirit. The quartet in A minor, one of the most original of the "posthumous" set, and one of the most puzzling to the executants, taxed the four performers to the uttermost. But again their efforts were crowned with success, and again did Ernst come out with two-fold force, and triumphantly evince his supremacy as an interpreter of the sublime and pathetic. The *canzona* in his hands (in spite of its Greek crudities) was transcendent. Such a thanksgiving was worthy such a cure. (Beethoven wrote this movement in gratitude for his recovery from a long and painful illness. Its direction is truly heaven-ward.)

The whole evening was in the highest degree satisfactory. To judge by the full audience, M. Rousselot appears likely to have a prosperous season. We are glad of it.

#### FRENCH PLAYS.

No one will be sorry to be disappointed, when the disappointment brings the French Plays. Mr. Mitchell has delighted the public for many years, but this year, the first of seven, owing to his unusual silence, was given up in despair,

until the appearance of a short prospectus, which is not published while we write, but written on embossed post, and will, probably, be unpublished when we rewrite—since why circulate it twice for once, as though there were a virtue in printer's ink that not existed in the other? This short prospectus gives us long hopes of many a broad laugh during the brief course of days that run between April 28, and the 3rd of May. Better little than nothing, and better late than never.

The theatre will open, as we have hinted, on the 28th of the present month. The first six or eight representations are proposed to be devoted exclusively to comedy and *vaudeville*; the remainder of the season to pieces from the repertory of the Palais Royal or Theatre Montansier. The company engaged includes Mdle. Judith, from the Theatre Français, Mdle. St. Marc, from the Variétés; Mdle. Bilhaud from the Odeon; Mdle. Figeac, Mdle. Octave, from the Vaudeville; Mdle. Scriwaneck, from the Palais Royal, and Mdle. Aline; M. M. Regnier, Lafont, Levassor, Ravel, and Hyacinthe, all of whom, with the exception of the last, are already known to the London public. On the opening night the new three-act comedy of MM. Scribe and Legouvé, *La Bataille des Dames*, which has been so successful in Paris, will be produced with Mdles. Judith and St. Marc, and M. M. Lafont and Regnier in the principal parts; to be followed by the last novelty of the Palais Royal, *L'Amour* and *L'Avenglette*, in which the lively Mdle. Scriwaneck and the quaint M. Hyacinthe will appear.

During the season, several of the most popular pieces, written expressly for M. Lafont, at the Variétés, will be produced; in which Madlle. St. Marc, who will be remembered in London, in 1846, is to sustain the principal female characters.

In another paragraph it is stated that Madlle. Rachel will make her first appearance on the second of June, but in what theatre the great tragedian will perform, is not mentioned. From the announcement, however, of the subsequent half-promise of Bouffé, and Frederick Lemaitre, we are led to hope for a post season; but as the attraction of Rachel at the time of the Great Exhibition, when all the world is to be in London, will be something quite unprecedented, not to speak of MM. Bouffé and Frederick Lemaitre, the St. James's Theatre will not be large enough, and we trust that the report may be true, that MM. Jullien and Gye have placed the magnificent theatre of Drury Lane at the disposal of Mr. Mitchell, for the representations of the unspeakable actress. Meanwhile, we take leave of Mr. Mitchell and his elegant little theatre in St. James's, with the best wishes for his success. Full accounts of the performances will appear, as usual, from the vivacious and adequate pen of J. DE C.

### Foreign.

PARIS, Monday, April 14th. (From our own Correspondent.)—The conceit of the French, with their *baptême artistique de Paris*, is really amusing. They pretend to have discovered the talent of Sophie Cruvelli, who two years ago, was acknowledged by the subscribers to Her Majesty's Theatre, by the public, and by the press, as a dramatic vocalist of the first order. Let us, however, leave them to their imaginary eminence, satisfied that they are the most shallow judges of music in musical Europe, in spite of the executive means, and the state-sustained establishments, which should place them in the first rank. Mr. Lumley could not have made a happier hit than in engaging Mdle. Cruvelli, who is more beautiful and

energetic than ever. Her voice, which I need not describe to you, is in first-rate condition, and if she eschew the music of Verdi as much as lies in her power, it is likely to preserve its strength and freshness for many years, since she has an excellent method and vocalises with the utmost ease. Her *debut* in Paris, as Dona Sol, in the ranting opera of *Ernani*, on Tuesday, the 8th, was triumphant, and on Thursday, the 10th, she repeated her performance and confirmed her success. Sims Reeves played *Ernani*, Colini Carlo V., and Scapini Silva, The English tenor was in splendid voice, and rose higher than ever in the good opinion of the *abonnés*. The opera was rehearsed and got up in a few days, and much credit is due to M. Bousquet.

ST. LOUIS, March 22.—Jenny Lind has arrived here, and has already given two concerts. The following account of her second concert is abridged from the *Missouri Republican* of the above date. "The concert room was filled on Wednesday night with an audience more numerous even than that which had occupied it on the previous evening. Nor was it the concert room alone that was filled. The street opposite and lying around the front of the Hall, and the roofs of the lower houses in its vicinity, were crowded, and covered with people. Every where that a chance was promised them of hearing the voice of the fair Swede, the multitude had thronged, and listened, as we afterwards learned, with an attention which emulated that of the more favoured lovers of music who had procured seats in the interior of the Hall. Nor, indeed, was their chance of hearing altogether so bad, inasmuch as Jenny Lind's voice was borne to them, somewhat deadened, of course, yet almost as clear as if they had heard it in an open space. Some of the more delicate ornaments they of course lost, but as they paid nothing for their evening's amusement, we conceive they had no right to complain.

"The Overture to *Der Freischütz* was better given than we ever heard it at such a distance from New York. It did credit to the *baton* of Benedict and the lungs, bows, and cat-gut of the orchestra. The Overture to Reissiger's *Felsenmühle* was also played. Benedict himself gave with Mr. Joseph Burke, a duet of his composition jointly with De Beriot, a pleasant and sparkling piece of music, and admirably played. Indeed, we have no hesitation in classing Benedict the very best pianist we have heard. He has an essentially graceful touch, and plays with a feeling and expression rarely met with. We should have been pleased indeed, to have heard the audience "encore" the charming duet, both on the score of its agreeable melody, and its execution by the author and Mr. Burke. Signor Belletti sang the "Vi Ravviso," from the *Sonnambula*; "Riccio Barcarole," from the *Prigione d'Edinburgo*, and a duet on Tyrolean melodies, composed recently by Benedict.

"But let us now speak of Jenny Lind. In the "Quando lascia la Normandia," we felt that we had—warmly as we previously spoke of her—scarcely done her justice. The exquisite *finesse* of her vocalization, and the charming manner in which she delivered the Romance, chained us to her voice, and when she ceased singing, we felt as if we also had been lifted from the earth and were in our spirit soaring on those fading accents into the realms above. (!) Indeed; whatever we may have previously said must not be taken into consideration in our estimate of the attractions of this extraordinary woman. We attempted, as we believe, to describe her voice, and analyse her style of vocalization. Now, we as frankly confess, that these are indescribable. But much as we were delighted with "Quando lascia," in the "Casta Diva" we were charmed out of ourselves. The applause that followed this was tremendous. Yet, finely as the "Casta Diva" was delivered, in the aria from *Lucia* all the power and flexibility of her voice seemed



called into operation; and when the last accents failed, we heard but one low murmur of delight around us, until the audience burst out into an explosion of applause. The duet on Tyrolean Melodies, with Signor Belletti, was sweetly rendered. This is an elegant and charming composition, and does great credit to M. Benedict, whom we knew by report from several of his works, but only by report, until we had the present opportunity of judging. We consider him, as far as we have now the means of arriving at a conclusion, as a talented and eminently graceful composer, and one with whom we should have great pleasure in forming a longer and more solid acquaintance, should he ever have the opportunity of presenting us with an entire opera in some of the cities of our more eastern States, or should any manager succeed in inducing him to put the *Crusaders* or the *Brides of Venice* in rehearsal. The concert concluded with the gorgeous Coronation March, from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, followed by the Bird Song, by Taubert, and a Swedish melody, called the Mountaineer's Song. Both of the last were committed to the lips of Jenny Lind. The Bird Song was given with enchanting *naïveté*. However, we have said everything we can well say. Our time is running short, and our pen grows wearisome; we will, therefore, throw it down and quit writing, with the memory still warm in us, and the conviction that Jenny Lind herself must rank as indisputably the most splendid and remarkable vocalist (!) the present day has given birth to. Let us, however, in casting aside the pen remark, that in this evening's concert she will sing the air from Handel's Messiah, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Who would not wish to hear this from such an interpreter?

**THIRD JENNY LIND CONCERT.**—The tickets to Miss Jenny Lind's third concert were this forenoon bringing an average of 5 dollars premium. About two hours after the auction had commenced the premium had ranged from 3 dollars 75. to 4 dollars. The choice front seats had much exceeded this. The auction was carried on briskly, and the enthusiasm appeared to be unabated. A large crowd, as usual, was in attendance.—*Missouri Republican*, 22nd March.

**NEW YORK**—Another speculation of Barnum's. "We learn," says the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, "from a reliable source, that Mr. Barnum has engaged the 'Bateman children' for two years, to appear entirely in Europe, and that he contracts to pay all their expenses and give them one half the net proceeds of the whole sum of their attraction, guaranteeing this half to amount to 20,000 dollars the first year, and 30,000 the next, making 50,000 dollars (nearly £10,000) in all; and we think that Mr. B. will make a handsome profit by the speculation. When Jenny Lind beheld these little phenonema, she pronounced them the most wonderful little creatures she had ever seen; and when the dilettanti of Europe see their astonishing intellectual efforts, when the land of Shakespeare witnesses the beautiful conception and delicate elaboration of the most difficult creations of that immortal bard, none will be surprised at the pains we think it honest to take, in order to keep these gifted spirits from being classed, in stranger lands, along with the mountebanks and impostors who may happen to tread at the same time, the same field of public enterprise."

[*Nous verrons*. The Batemans may be a family of Thumbs, and, if so, just calculated for "beautifully conceiving," and "delicately elaborating" the "most difficult creations of the 'immortal bard.'" Conceiving and elaborating a difficult creation, is profoundly Yankee.]

### Provincial.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—On Thursday last, the Cambridge Cornet Society gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music at the Town-hall,

for the benefit of the Royal Albert Benevolent Society. The band, conducted by Mr. J. C. Large, played well. The features of the evening were a flute solo by Mr. C. Sippel, which was encored; a sonata—pianoforte and violoncello, Messrs. F. Sippel and Amps; a violin solo by Mr. Ingram; and a solo on the cornopean by Mr. Large. There were, also, a variety of glees, duets, and songs, by Messrs. Jackman, Baraclough (of the Ely choir), and Mr. Weller and Master Robinson, of Cambridge. The concert was well attended, the admission being low. The audience appeared much gratified; and, after paying all expenses, there was a clear balance of £10 for the Royal Albert.—*Cambridge Press*.

**LIVERPOOL.**—Mr. Hirst has been appointed successor to Mr. W. T. Best as organist to the Philharmonic Society. The competitors were Messrs. Hirst, W. Rogers, and Turvey, who severally performed on the organ before the Committee, on Tuesday last, and all of whom acquitted themselves in a very able manner.

Mr. Jackson's new Oratorio, *Isaiah*, is to be shortly produced by the Festival Choral Society, where his *Deliverance* was given with such success some time since.

**TODMORDEN.**—(From a Correspondent).—The concert of the Harmonic Society took place last Tuesday, when the Hall was well attended. Miss M. B. Marsh (of the Liverpool Concerts), appeared for the first time at these concerts. She possesses a *soprano* voice of great flexibility; and in Pacini's "I tuoi frequenti," her taste was remarkable. Mr. Riley has a barytone voice, of great power, which, at present, requires cultivation. "Sleep, gentle lady" (Bishop), "Chief of the windy Morven" (Callcott), and other glees, were executed with skill, by the society, assisted by the above named vocalists. Mr. Charles Greenwood played Thalberg's fantasia on "We're a noddin'," in capital style. J. N. B.

**CHELMSFORD.**—MR. CARTE'S LECTURE.—On Thursday evening, Mr. Carte, attended by Mr. Wells, professor of the flute of the Royal Academy, gave a treat to the real lovers of music, but more especially of flute music, at the Institute in this town. Of Mr. Carte's proficiency on the flute it is quite superfluous to add one word to the eulogiums which have so frequently and extensively been lavished on him. It is sufficient to say that he is a perfect master of the instrument; and that, whether we estimate the tone, the taste, or the execution, we are sure of our expectations being gratified. He prefaced his performance on the instrument with a brief history of music from the earliest ages, comparing the ancient with the modern, describing their respective peculiarities, explaining melody and harmony, and making observations on national music, with the comparative effect of vocal and instrumental music. Mr. B. Wells displayed great powers of execution, and brought out a splendid tone from one of Mr. Carte's new flutes in "Rousseau's Dream," with Richardson's variations. His embouchure is good, and though he slurs rather than tips his demi-semi-quavers, every note is distinctly marked even in the most rapid passages. The duet with Mr. Carte, "The last Rose of Summer," followed up by "Garry Owen," was beautifully played, and rapturously encored. The harmony of their notes was complete; and the crescendo and diminuendo, so indispensable to expression in an adagio, was so admirably managed that

"A spirit spoke in every tone they drew."

The improvements which Mr. Carte has made in his new patent flute have removed the acknowledged imperfections of the instrument hitherto in use, and evince that the powers of the patentee in performing are only equalled by his science in constructing the nearest instrumental approach to the human voice. The silver flute is remarkable for a sweet, soft, and liquid tone, and the wooden for great power and brilliancy; the silver also possesses an exquisitely soft swelling vocal quality, without being deficient in power, while the wood produced such a power and volume as we never heard from a flute before. In the duet the two were beautifully blended, the silver taking the lead, and the wood the second part, and with the admirable execution we have noticed beautifully brought out the characteristics of both. Mr. F. Dawson presided at the piano, and played the accompaniments in his usual style of excellence.—*Essex Herald*.

## Original Correspondence.

THALBERG'S AGE AND BIRTHPLACE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR.—A Subscriber would feel obliged by your kindly favouring him, at your earliest convenience, with the Age and birth-place of "Thalberg," the composer. If it is possible, a reply in your next (Saturday, the 19th inst.), will much oblige.

[We shall be obliged to any of our lady subscribers who can and will satisfy our correspondent on these interesting points. We are unfurnished with the required information.—ED. M. W.]

M. VARIN—GORLITZA, GORLITZA—MR. BYRN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

April 16th, 1851.

SIR.—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in *The Musical World* of the 22nd of March, headed "La Gorlitz, M. Varin," which, I trust, in common justice to yourself and others, you will afford me an opportunity to explain, as *supposing* you were in possession of the real facts of the case when you allowed that paragraph to appear, you, by it, defended those who *pirate* the musical compositions of others, and I am sure your publication is too respectable to *wittingly* do anything of the kind. "La Gorlitz Danse Livonienne," ever so freely translated, "cannot be construed a Polka composed by a Livonian;" the edition referred to "in F" is according to the inscription upon its forehead, the only one authorised by M. Varin. As to "who is M. Varin that should authorise or interdict an edition (in F or any other key) of La Gorlitz?" he is "the Frenchman" who composed such music, and the dance to it (and it is not many who are so fortunate twice in a life time), and whether the name of it be spelt with a c, or a z, or whether it be written in the key of F or any other key, the subject is still his. As to "it is not painfully *recherché*," it has been thought so original and so well adapted to the Dance, that 1,500 copies were sold the first few weeks of publication; directly after which, 5 or 6 other writers copied it, and with the blind of a few bars introduction, or another key, or an accompaniment for another instrument, or a *coda*, or a few notes of a bar altered, have had the assurance to put their names to such Gorlitzas, to make the public suppose they are the authors of such subjects. Such conduct only has been complained of, and if it does not amount quite to *piracy*, it is very fine evasion of the law, and moreover such writers must have a high opinion of M. Varin's subject, and a poor opinion of their own brains not to attempt to compose other Gorlitzas, and thus make them as various as Polkas, which all are entitled to do, but not to *spoil* 1 bar of M. Varin's, and then put their own name as the author.

"The right of copyright appertaining to M. Varin's edition," is the property, entirely and unconditionally, of Messrs. Hale and Son (Cheltenham), I am prepared to prove, whenever or wherever they may think proper to call upon me, as *since* my attention was drawn to your paragraph (some time after its publication or I should have written to you before), I have sent to Paris for further documents to prove such statement.

Being the introducer into England of M. Varin's Gorlitz (Music and Dance), I trust will be deemed by you a sufficient apology for my thus troubling you.

I am, Sir,

Yours, obediently,

50, Regent-street, Cheltenham,  
And 71, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-sq.

JAMES BYRN.

P.S.—As no one has borrowed the "Cracovia," I need not state more about it, than your Critic must have been very barren of subjects to find fault, when he was obliged to have recourse to the mistake of a poor printer's—putting an E instead of an O.

"I CANNA LEAVE THE HIGHLAND HILLS."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—As you are always willing to answer any question for the benefit of the musical public, I am desirous of knowing whether a song sung for the last year by Henry Phillips, is published, entitled

"I canna leave the Highland Hills," as I have called at various musicsellers, and can learn nothing concerning it; although, I believe it is either published here or in Glasgow. As it has not been advertized nor reviewed, so far as I have seen, though promised long since by Mr. Phillip's to the public, perhaps some of your musical friends may know.

84, Coleshill-street, Pimlico.  
Wednesday.Your obedient servant,  
ALLAN MACDONALD.

## Miscellaneous.

ALBONI has arrived in Paris, covered with the laurels of her triumphs at Madrid. She is diligently studying her part in Auber's new opera, *Corbeille d'Oranges*, which is now nearly completed; and from the production of which a great success is anticipated. To Alboni the study of Auber's music must prove a labour of love, the more especially as the great composer has written it with an especial view to her brilliant and varied powers.

JETTY TREFFZ.—The best of *lieder-singerinn*, as Mendelssohn called this accomplished and popular vocalist, has arrived in town for the season, after her brilliant tournée in the provinces with M. Jullien.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—The lovers of the ballet will be delighted to hear that its veritable queen, having entirely recovered her health, strength, and spirits, will make her rentrée on Tuesday at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Les Metamorphoses*.

MARIO.—The great tenor arrived early last week from St. Petersburg, and will make his first appearance this season at the Royal Italian Opera as Raoul in the *Huguenots*.

LABLACHE has arrived in London from Paris, and will appear at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday in his favorite part of *Dulcamara* in *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

MIDDLE ALAYMO.—The continental journals speak in high terms of this fair *cantatrice*, who makes her *debut* at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday next, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Some of the French papers set her down as a Sicilian Countess, and describe her as being exceedingly handsome, and possessed of great abilities. We shall soon have an opportunity of judging for ourselves.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WORKS.—The copyright of Sir Walter Scott's works, with the stock on hand, was submitted for sale, by Mr. Hodgson, at the London Coffee House, and purchased by Mr. Milne, of Edinburgh, writer to the signet, for the sum of £15,000, subject to an agreement to take the printed stock at a valuation of £10,160. The above sale took place under the direction of the executors of the late Mr. Caddell of Edinburgh, and we hear that the property was bought in.

THEODORE LABARRE, the celebrated harp-player, has arrived in London for the season.

CRUVELLI'S LUCREZIA BORGIA.—"The fine scene with Gennaro and Alfonso, where having unwittingly placed her lover in the Duke's power, she wishes to save him, was acted with fine intelligence. The duet and trio were acted and sung with equal effect; and the popular *andante* "*Guai se ti sfugge*," was encored. The climax to the scene, when Lucrezia persuades Gennaro to take the antidote, was full of dramatic feeling, and Mdlle. Cruvelli was recalled with Gardoni at the fall of the curtain. But the last act was better than all. The whole scene was a display of dramatic energy far surpassing any previous effort of Mdlle. Cruvelli on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. The phrase, "M'odi, ah m'odi," was delivered with touching pathos, and rapturously encored; and Grisi herself could scarcely have infused a larger amount of passion into the burst of feeling with which Lucrezia deploras the fate of her unhappy Gennaro. In short, Mdlle. Cruvelli achieved a complete triumph, and convinced her audience that her charming talent was much better displayed in the tender and graceful music of poor Donizetti than in the rant and fustian of the empty blusterer, Verdi. She was recalled with enthusiasm, at the end, and overwhelmed with plaudits.

[The above is quoted from the *Musical World*, No. 17, vol. 23, April 22, 1848].

CAROLINA ROSATI, the charming and accomplished *danseuse*, has arrived in town, and will shortly appear at Her Majesty's Theatre.



**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—An excellent performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given here last Monday to a very full attendance. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, and Miss Baxter; Messrs. Lockey and Phillips. The quartet in the first act, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," was encored, and Miss Dolby delivered the air, "Woe unto them," as charmingly as ever. In the second act, which is the finest, Miss Birch gave the opening song, "Hear! ye Israel," with her usual effect. The elaborate and difficult chorus, "Woe unto them," the masterpiece of the work, wanted clearness and precision in the delivery. The delicious and popular trio, "Lift thine eyes," was, as usual, encored. Miss Dolby has made the song, "Rest in the Lord," her own, by her deeply beautiful manner of delivering it. The choir lacked, now and then, a little of their accustomed accuracy. Their performance was, on the whole, highly satisfactory. The next concert (7th May) will consist of "a selection," an experiment which has not been tried by either society.

**THE THEATRES IN PASSION WEEK.**—The closing of all the Theatres for dramatic purposes did not necessarily exclude other performances during the preceding Easter. Nearly every theatre in London has been devoted to amusements of one kind or another, and we consider it altogether an anomaly to interdict the performance of a play, and allow dramatic, vocal and other entertainments to be given. Surely the government ought to take into their own hands the regulation of all affairs connected with the stage. They manage these things better in France.—At the Haymarket, during the week, Mr. C. H. Adams exhibited his Orrery, and delivered his highly interesting and instructive Lecture on Astronomy.—At the St. James's Mrs. Fanny Kemble continued her Readings of Shakspeare, and attracted large audiences.—Madame Anna Thillon, and Mr. Hudson gave their new "Musical Entertainment" at the Adelphi, which proved a lucrative speculation; the theatre, every night, being crowded; the entertainment, and the charming singing of the captivating Anna Thillon, were more successful than ever.—At the Lyceum Mr. Alleroff gave a series of Promenade Concerts, which proved very attractive, although Signor Sivori, who was announced, did not appear. Sivori's place was supplied by Herr Laub, an excellent violinist from the band of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Alleroff provided a good orchestra, good vocalists, good instrumentalists, and two good conductors (Lavenue and Negri).—Mr. Henry Russell, at the Olympic, provided a new "vocal and pictorial entertainment" entitled the *Far West*, in which he sang with vociferant energy sundry songs descriptive and condemnatory of the slave trade, which he may, with great propriety, dedicate to the memory of Wilberforce, and to Fowell Buxton. The illustrations were moving.—At the Surrey Theatre concerts were given on Monday and Tuesday, supported by Miss Louisa Pyne, Harrison, Whitworth, and other vocalists, together with a strong battalion of instrumentalists. The remainder of the week was devoted to Mr. Love's Polyphonic Entertainment.—The visitors to the Soho Theatre were entertained with Mr. Darling by his Lectures on Electro-Biology—a very extraordinary performance.—At the Sadler's Wells a concert of an attractive character was given, in which Ernst played, with a goodly array of instrumentalists and a host of vocalists, among which we may name Mdle. Angri, Mdle. Rummell, and several Pupils of Mr. Howard Glover.—At the Mary-le-bone Theatre Mr. Jarrett, the eminent horn-player, during three days in the week, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, invited his friends and the public to an unusual treat, vocal and instrumental. Never had the good folks in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood such an opportunity afforded them of hearing such first-rate artists; never had such an array of talent congregated together within the walls of the neat little theatre in Church Street. The vocal corps consisted of Jetty Treffz, Formes, Stigelli, Marchesi, Frank Bodda, Manley, Kieschler, Fraser, the Mesdames Rummell, Rose Braham, Cole and M. Cole, M. O'Connor, Messent, the double quartet from the Berlin choir of Her Majesty's Theatre, and others:—the instrumental, of Alexandre Billet, Sainfont, F. Collins, V. Collins, L. Collins, Chatterton, Lazarus, Pratten, Goffrie, Nicholson, Prospero, Rowland, Lovell Phillips, and the Messrs. Distin and Sons. With such an army of artists, and with such a general to command them as Mr. Jarrett, it may be readily supposed that each evening's entertainment was

highly spiced and well varied, that the theatre was crowded, and the audience perfectly satisfied. And such was the case, and more, seeing that Jetty Treffz, on Thursday night, excited a *furor*. It was the first appearance, in London, of the charming and accomplished Teutonian—Jullien's thrush, as she has been called—and her entrée was hailed with every demonstration of delight. She was in admirable voice, sang with indescribable effect, and was encored in everything. Formes, too, created a powerful sensation. The Mary-le-bonians were in such extacies with the tremendous German profound bass that they made him repeat every thing over again. To make mention of all the effective pieces, sung or played, would take up more space than we can afford in a resumé of the entertainments in Passion Week. One thing, however, seemed to create general surprise, which it is necessary to add, and which appears to ourselves unusual and unaccountable, viz., that Mr. Jarrett did not play at his own concert. Mr. Jarrett's performance would constitute a striking feature in any concert, and its omission on the present occasion can only be accounted for on the principle that a general never takes an actual part in an engagement; and, consequently, Mr. Jarrett, as commander of his forces, may stand excused from drawing his weapon in the ranks of the grand vocal and instrumental battles in the theatre, hight Marylebone.

**PRIZE GLEE.**—About four months since, advertisements appeared in some of the London papers, offering a prize of 10 guineas to the composer of the best serious glee. Thirty-six composers sent in, amongst others, Mr. Sparks, of Leeds, who carried several medals, and Mr. Battye, of Huddersfield, who carried the Gresham prize in 1845. Sir Henry Bishop has awarded the prize to Dr. Bexfield, for his glee entitled "The Death of Hector."

**HERR GUSTAVE HOLZEL.**—The German *lied* composer and singer, has arrived in London.

**GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, WATERLOO PLACE.**—On Thursday morning, we were favored with a private view of a representation of the celebrated "Taj Mehal," which, in addition to the Grand Moving Panorama, accompanied by descriptive detail and appropriate music, portraying the entire route of the Overland Mail to India, will be presented for the first time to the public on Easter Monday, in a series of views from drawings on the spot, for which the proprietors are indebted to the kindness of Captain W. Barnett, *the Taj Mehal*. This Mausoleum was erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan as the tomb of his wife, Mum Taza Zamanie.—"The most Exalted of the Age." It is built on the Agra side of the river Jumna, three miles and a half from the Fort and Palace of the Great Mogul. The views consist of the gateway called the Kalan Durwasa, as seen from the centre of the spacious gardens; the interior of the building, showing the marble screen and elegant Mosaics round the tomb of the Emperor and his wife, represented as seen in the days of the Great Mogul by light of lamps; the exterior of the building, and one of its detached Mosques, (by moonlight), taken from a sand bank on the opposite side of the river Jumna. The whole is intended to convey a complete idea of this wonder, as it has ever been considered by those who have seen it.

**MR. HENRY HAYCRAFT**, the well known professor of the piano-forte and singing, of Clifton and Bristol, has arrived in town for the purpose of giving instructions in these important branches of musical education during the present season.

**MADAME GRISI AND M. DE MELEY.**—By the deed of separation of the celebrated singer Grisi and her husband M. de Meley he was to have the property of some iron works at Chitery; but as the revenue arising from them was uncertain, it was further stipulated that the wife should pay him 10,000*l.* a year as long as she should remain on the stage. For some time past this income has not been paid, and M. de Meley, on Thursday last, brought an action against his wife for the arrears, amounting to 27,500*l.* The counsel pleaded that the revolution of February had so injured her in her professional pursuits that she was no longer able to pay so large a sum as 10,000*l.* a year, and offered, in lieu of the arrears due, to pay a sum of 10,000*l.* The counsel for M. de Meley denied the truth of the statement made as to the reduced means of Madame Grisi, and entered into a detail of the sums received by her at different theatres, &c. He mentioned, among other things,

that when in Russia she had received very valuable presents in jewels, and in particular a wreath for the head, valued at 30,000 rubles (about 120,000f.), which had been purchased by subscription the Emperor himself having subscribed 10,000 rubles. He stated, also, in reply to the advocate of Madame Grisi, who, after having alluded to the abandonment of the Italian Opera by the aristocracy in consequence of the revolution, had described the attempt of his client to find a compensation in London as unfortunate, that she had not been a loser to the extent pretended. On the contrary, he declared that she had realized large sums, and had received not less than 30,000f. in England for her assistance at the musical festivals. The Court condemned the defendant to pay the whole sum claimed by M. de Meley.—*Times*.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—We were gratified to see a numerous and most elegant audience filling the New Beethoven Rooms on Saturday morning last, to support a very rising and admirable professor. Mrs. John Macfarren is a pianist of great attainments, and richly merits the very warm encouragement she received. Her first performance was a duet of Herz with Mr. W. H. Holmes, in which she evinced a light touch and a distinct and brilliant finger. She next played a Rondeau Brillant, of Weber, which shewed her to possess no less merit in another style. In the second part she chose the *Carnaval de Venise*, of Schulhoff, and in her rendering of this, we found no less to admire, than in her other performances. She played, also, in Mr. Holmes' quartet for four pianists, "Une Romance de deux Minuets," with Miss Goddard, Mr. W. Dorrell, and the composer, and with Mr. Walter Macfarren in a similar composition of his, which is a most effective concert piece, and cannot fail to become very popular; in this she was coadjuted by Miss Kate Loder, and Mr. Brinley Richards. We had yet further interesting matter for the pianoforte in the duet of Mendelssohn, the original variations in B flat, executed by Mr. Cipriani Potter and Mr. Sternale Bennett in a manner of first-rate mastery. To complete the list of instrumental pieces, we must name Mr. Balsir Chatterton's solo on the harp, a potpourri of themes of Mendelssohn, which he delivered in a most finished style. Among the vocal pieces were two novelties; a song of Mr. W. H. Holmes, which Miss Birch rendered in her accustomed manner, and which will please no less than two or three other songs of the same composer, we have lately noticed with great pleasure; and a duet for soprano and bass, a class of composition much in request, "Oh, let me take my sounding lyre," which was charmingly sung by Madame and Signora Ferrari. Miss M. Williams' most lovely voice was heard in all its sweetness in the little song of Reissiger. Signor Nappi sang so admirably Rossini's song "La Tarantella," and was so favourably accompanied by Mr. Walter Macfarren as to obtain the only encore of the morning. Miss Dolby sang a German song, an Italian, and an English, thereby proving her facility in language to be great, as her excellencies in her art is perfect; in the first and last songs, especially, "Schweremuth," and "Wishes" she appeared to particular advantage and touched the hearts of all who heard her. Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music like an accomplished musician. The concert was under the patronage of the Countess of Bradford.

### Our Scrap Book.

PROPOSED NEW OPERA HOUSE.—It is proposed to erect an opera house in New York, to seat 4,000 people. It will be bounded by four wide streets, and have a front of 197 feet by an average depth of 217 feet. The first tier of boxes and the parquet are entered on a level with the street. Viewed from the front of each retreating behind the one immediately below it, each having its open balcony. A system of ventilating, with warm air in winter, and with air artificially cooled to any required temperature in summer, forms a part of the design. It is proposed, by the use of iron for the stairways and in other parts of the building for which it may be available, and by coating all the stage frame-work with a recently discovered incombustible paint, to render the whole structure nearly fire-proof. The cost of the land and the estimated cost of the building, furnished for use, are between 250,000 and 300,000 dollars. Of this the proprietor is to furnish one half, and hopes to raise the remainder by leasing 250 seats for 99 years for 500 dollars each.—*The Builder*.

MASANIELLO.—(*From the Opera Box*).—Tomaso Anello, better known by his nickname, Masaniello, was the son of a Neapolitan fisherman. He was brought up to his father's business, and at a very early age was distinguished among his companions by his courage, his activity, and his integrity. In 1647 a remarkably obnoxious tax was introduced into Naples, and Anello's wife having been detected in smuggling a small quantity of meal for the support of her children, was not only imprisoned for the offence, but was condemned to pay a large fine, for the discharge of which Anello's furniture was sold. Enraged both on his own and the public account, Masaniello excited his friends to assist him in driving away the officers, and they were soon joined by the populace, who demanded an abolition of the tax. Not only did they gain their point, but they obtained the offer of a pension to their leader Anello, which he nobly refused. These concessions far from restoring order, left the city to the mercy of the mob, and at the instigation of some of the malcontents, Masaniello was induced to issue a command for burning the houses of all persons concerned in levying the tax, which was but too speedily executed. He then required the Spanish viceroy, by whom Naples was governed, to abolish taxes of every kind, and being again successful, placed himself at the head of a vast body of men, and exercised absolute sway. He spent little time in refreshment or repose, gave his orders with judgment, and appeared free from selfish views. Soon, however, he began to govern with more severity, and put to death several persons upon mere suspicion. The viceroy fearing that the French might take advantage of the confusion in Naples, entered into a treaty with Anello, by which he not only granted all that had been demanded, but allowed him to retain his dignity, and the people to remain under arms. Anello now lost his self control. Intoxicated with power, and disordered by constant excitement, he became frantic, and performed all sorts of extravagant actions, till at last he was assassinated by the very populace he had roused, only ten days after his elevation. His corpse was treated with the greatest indignity; but on a temporary rise of provisions it was reclaimed by the rabble, carried through the streets in solemn procession, and magnificently buried. [Masaniello ought (according to history) to wear white trowsers on the stage. Ed. M. W.]

IRISH WAR.—The Dublin playgoers have had a riot, and have nearly torn down a theatre, because of a shockingly bad riddle. "Pablo Fanque, the acrobat," advertised the gift of a pony and car to the propounder of the best riddle. There were 1056 competitors, and the prize was awarded to Miss Emma Stanley, for a conundrum so mediocre, that we will not attempt to transcribe it; it is neither good enough nor bad enough for notice. The audience, touched with a sense of national degradation, that out of more than a thousand Irish, not one could make a better piece of wit, broke into such excesses, that a body of police had to be marched into the building, to preserve it from wreck. Miss Stanley, however, accepted the prize, ordered its sale, and gave the produce to the Lord Mayor for distribution in charity.—*Daily Express*.

M. AMBROISE THOMAS.—The vacant chair of the Institute has been bestowed upon the composer of the *Caid* and the *Songes d'une Nuit d'Ete*. M. Thomas has a new opera in rehearsal at the *Opera Comique*.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The notice of the second Royal Academy concert is unavoidably postponed till next number.

### Advertisements.

#### SIGNOR BOTTESINI,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANA, BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season.

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4. SONATA IN F minor, Op. 15 (Dedicated to Mendelssohn) W. S. BENNETT.  
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Fraldo, ...	SIGNOR POLONINI.
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Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3, Studley Villas, Studley Road Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, April 19, 1851.